Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

The Lord has written the promise of the Resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in springtime.

—Luther

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OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

Editorial: *Spring...and the Spirit*	...		2
Call of Religion	...	*Huston Smith*	5
Mountain of Immortality	...	*Bess Foster Smith*	6
I Meditate in a Garden *(poem)*	...	*Francis Merchant*	9
When Darkness Comes	...	*Rabbi Ernest R. Trattner*	10
What of Today?	...	*Mrs. M. W. Harper*	10
Reverence for Persons	...	*Jacob Trapp*	11
Kiss of Life	...	*Mark Halpern*	12
Simple Mysteries	...	*Mildred Long*	16
Gift of Green *(poem)*	...	*Zelma Dennis*	17
Two Poems	...	*Carla Patsuris*	19
Safety Shelters	...	*Theodore Heline*	20
A Meditation	...	*Geoffrey Hodson*	23
Questions for a Conversation	...	*H. K. Schilling*	26
Commitment	...	*Rev. Roy Wallace Thomas*	28
Forgiveness	...	*Zelma Dennis*	29
Soul Builders *(poem)*	...	*Mildred M. Jones*	30
Self-Denial	...	*Harry H. Starrett*	31
Spirit of the New Age	...	*Vida Reed Stone*	33
Notices and Comments	...		34

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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...Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus at the well. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink...

Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, a woman of Samaria?...

Jesus answered and said unto her: If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him and he would have given thee living water.

The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?...

Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. The water I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not...

(John 4: 6-14)

Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time and leaves it again. The soul is myself; the body is my dwelling place. Birth is not birth; the soul is already existent when the body comes to it. Death is no death; the soul merely departs and the body falls. It is because men see their bodies only, that they love life and hate death.

— Buddha

EDITORIAL

SPRING...AND THE SPIRIT

All the ancient themes of Spring are awakened in one's mind at this season of the year, those of man as part of Nature and those of man as the vehicle of religion. For Christians the heart of the spring season is the celebration of Easter and for non-Christians around the globe there have always been appropriate religious celebrations. But from whatever standpoint we regard this unique season, the theme of re-awakening---of rebirth---is the one that strikes the deepest chords in all of us. All Nature stirs, expands, flowers, and comes to new birth during these weeks, and man as a part of that Nature feels the same hope and promptings that all of earth's creatures do. But man is more than a natural creature, he is primarily a creature of spirit. That is his true nature and essence and it is there that we shall discover the meaning of his life on earth. It is from that standpoint that we must speak of him at this time of year.

It is the younger generation especially that concerns us now, the strange, alert, questioning, and so often bewildered generation that is growing up all around us. It is not a promising world they were born into, but soon it will be *their* world, and what happens to them now in the crucial years of their early maturity, will determine the kind of world they are to live in. The spring that comes this year is the same spring that has always come, but now it bursts upon a world wholly different from the one men knew only fifty years ago. Few of us yet realize this in all its implications. When the change is as radical and unprecedented as this century has experienced, it is many years before people as a whole realize that the change has occurred and are willing to accept it. That is why our young people of today are so confused. From the philosophies and values of their parents and their parents' traditions they have inherited one world, and in their most familiar consciousness are living in another—struggling to maturity in a world requiring a new philosophy and new values.

In religion, man's highest creation, we see this conflict epitomized as nowhere else. Most questioning and intelligent young people today do not accept the religious values they have inherited but have not yet found their own kind of religion, their own religious ideal that will relate itself to their needs and their world of today. If we ask them to pray, for instance, they question whether there is a Power that hears their prayer, or they speak of prayer as a form of weakness and escape. If you

talk of faith to them, they often will not listen at all; and the scriptures have lost their authority for most of them.

All of them—as have most of us for that matter, of whatever age—have been powerfully influenced by the scientific temper and approach of this era. Psychology in particular has given them a new orientation unknown fifty years ago. Many as a result have already succumbed to materialism in any one of its various forms, but there are large numbers who are still uncommitted and they are the ones who may be saved for genuine religion in our time. It is our duty to reach and influence as many of them as we can.

We cannot do it with traditional religion, for this has lost most of the life and meaning and persuasiveness it once had. The young people of our time, the great numbers of them who sense (or will soon sense) the indispensable role of religion in a man's life, are no longer content with the traditional and so often mechanical forms of religion. They want the essence of things, the substance of religion. The forms and doctrines, and all such things, are the shell, and this they have rejected, and will go on rejecting until we give them what they really want, what they sense only religion can give them. At this burgeoning time of year we know what that is. This is the time for us to dwell upon what religion truly is—or rather, where it starts and how it starts. Spring is the time to remind ourselves anew of the fundamentals of religion.

Rebirth...renewal...a new beginning. The discarding of the old life, the old forms, the putting on of new life and new forms. Becoming one with the essence of things. Finding oneself reborn, suddenly aware of the oneness of life. That is the meaning of Spring, and it is the meaning of religion also.

Our reaction to spring is very personal and powerful and we need no instruction from anyone as to how we should feel at this time of year. In the same way we should have our religion, and the substance of religion: *spiritual experience*. This is what we seek. Everything else in religion leads up to that, is put up with, is practiced, is cultivated, for the sake of that. Sermons, meditations, readings, devotions—we go through all these for the sake of that. And it is our birthright and will come to us as the spring comes: clear and direct, sudden and mistakeable—and personal. Personal, not institutional religion, is what this age calls for. There must be nothing to stand between the individual mind and the all-pervading power of the universe, which on our level of being we call God.

(A spiritual teacher and guide we need, no doubt, for it is an unknown country, this country of the spirit. But he will come to us on the wind of divine grace, irresistibly he will be borne to us, and we will recognize him when he comes. He will not stand between us and the direct light of revelation, as so often institutional religion has done. He will not ask us to believe things that tax our reasons or accept things which the intellect finds unacceptable. And it will not be he who unfolds spiritual truths to us—they will unfold in secret to each of us, though indeed he will make us ready for them.)

Truth has been steadily advancing for thousands of years, truth for the individual, for nations, for the world—truth in all areas of human life. Truth in religion is experience of God, known directly by the individual. And this truth is also advancing, steadily emerging—the truth of all truths, the summit of Truth itself. We must have that contact with him, we must feel his presence, he must become real to us. That is the truth we really seek, the one and only truth in this world that will satisfy the yearnings of the human heart.

The uncommitted and still receptive young people of our time (and there are many more of them than we suppose) want this, as everyone for whom religion means anything at all wants this. They want a *religion of spirit*. They want religion to be done with doctrines and creeds and to burst upon them like the waves of spring, to stir in them as palpably as the whole earth stirs in April, to be as tangible as the fragrance of spring flowers, as undeniable as the new green world that opens to their eyes. *Then* they will pray with fervor—we will not have to ask them to pray, nor to have faith. Their faith will be self-generated. For then they will know. Nothing convinces the mind in any area of life except experience, direct knowledge; and it is the same in this area.

When Spring comes bringing its new life, the life that returns was not lost, it was only dormant, buried under the long sleep of winter. Now a new life is restored, it returns—but it was always there. And when the Spring of our spiritual life comes, the first awakening of our inner forces, our rebirth appears, we are renewed, new life and new power surge through us. But it is not really a new life. Not even the life of the spirit is a new life for us---it is really the return of the immortal life we had always had, always possessed, a restoration or recapturing of what had only been lost and was now found. We are merely given back our true selves again—divine, deathless, and pure. That is what we are, what our souls are. We are given back our Life again. But it is not a new life, it will not be something really strange to us, when it comes. It was always there. »»»

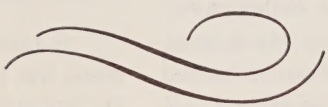
THE CALL OF RELIGION

WHENEVER RELIGION COMES TO LIFE it displays a startling quality; it takes over. All else, while not silenced, becomes subdued and thrown without contest into a supporting role.

Religion alive confronts the individual with the most momentous option this world can present. It calls the soul to the highest adventure it can undertake, a proposed journey across the jungles, peaks and deserts of the human spirit. The call is to confront reality, to master the self....When a lone spirit succeeds in breaking through to major conquests here, he becomes more than a king—he becomes a world redeemer. His impact stretches for milennia, blessing the tangled course of human history...

AUTHENTIC RELIGION is the clearest opening through which the inexhaustible energies of the cosmos can pour into human existence. What then can rival its power to touch and inspire the deepest creative centers of man's being?

— Huston Smith
In THE RELIGIONS OF MAN



There is no pain nor passion that does not radiate to the ends of the earth. Let a man in a garret but burn with enough intensity and he will not set fire to the world.

—Antoine de Saint Exupery

THE MOUNTAIN OF IMMORTALITY

Bess Foster Smith

"The Great Bible of God," said Emanuel Swedenborg, "is ever open before mankind, written upon the earth and in the heavens. To read it is called Science." Le Comte du Nouy (1883-1948), one of the greatest of biologists, with all the benefits of modern methods of research, comes to the same conclusion. In his great book HUMAN DESTINY, he opens our eyes to a vast new world and a limitless future for mankind.

Inside the cover of this book is a sketch of plains and uplands and mountains rising up to one mighty peak that symbolizes the ever-greater heights to which man's striving will bring him. The writer says, "We are like people at the bottom of a valley who seek to climb to that snowy peak that dominates all others. We all have our eyes fixed on the same goal and we all agree there is but one summit to reach." However, he goes on to say that the journey may involve different methods.

As I become engrossed in the book it is easy to imagine myself sitting on one of the higher cliffs in company with Le Comte du Nouy, watching with him the great panorama of human progress beneath us.

"Some are taking the wrong path!" I am sure to exclaim. To which he replies, "Everyone takes the path that suits him best. It is often imposed by the structure of his brain, heredity and traditions. There is no short-cut."

"Do you mean each one has to take a certain path?" I ask.

"By no means. Man is free to choose his path. Only the goal is set. The ways of reaching it are not fixed. He can break away from traditions, from going the way his ancestors went before him - from following the crowd - and make individual efforts of his own if he has enough faith in himself."

A thousand questions enter my mind, but I do not have to ask them. Du Nouy continues with a whole new approach to this urge man has to reach some goal.

"When God gave man the freedom of will, He abdicated a portion of his omnipotence. He let man build his own life. He is like an earthly father setting his son up in business or, if a farmer, giving him a place of his own. Now when he makes his own choices, he is taking care of his own evolution (his own destiny.)"

I begin to see what he means. Man can start his eternal heritage here and now or he can "waste his substance in riotous living."

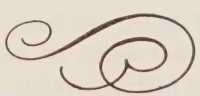
"True," Du Nouy says. "But on the whole, man takes all the traits he inherits from his ancestors and instead of adhering to them, transforms them into tools for building his future. Thanks to his brain alone man has in three generations conquered the air, discovered a lot of sky, and performed feats that would have taken thousands or even millions of years to accomplish by the old method of instinct—that is, as the birds and the bees learned to fly."

I can now pick out church spires as I look below, and school houses, airports, libraries, radio and television towers - the tools man has carved from his precious inheritance.

Here and there one can see overburdened ones struggling up among the crags and rocks against discouraging odds, and I hear my mentor say, "But intelligence alone cannot take him far. It can even destroy him. There must be a purifying and developing of the moral force. You see those who choose the Christ Ideal climb much faster and, besides, they rejoice and glory in the work."

I ponder on why - why do men keep up this endless struggle? Already the scientist is formulating an answer. He says, "The reason man struggles to climb the mountain is because his destiny is not limited to his existence on earth where he lives but for a few short years. His true and individual immortality escapes our rational conception, but his life is, nevertheless, the beginning of a greater and more significant reality. Moreover those who have striven toward spiritual heights in this passage through their bodies are the forerunners of a superior race to come. Man, himself, comes and goes but each leaves a fanlike wake behind him, like a comet, for all future generations to behold—a sort of indirect immortality."

There is much to ponder. I begin to conceive of a great harmonious cosmos, the laws of which are drawing all men of good will and good faith to a consciousness of the important part they are playing here and now in forwarding the evolution of mankind. I must also reflect upon man as he assumes a sort of partnership with God in bringing to pass great new wonders in this world and in outer space. Above all, I must stretch my mind to encompass the limitless possibilities of man's inner self that strives to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to earth.



ON PRAYER

Thomas à Kempis

This is what most of all hindereth heavenly consolation: that thou art too slow in turning thyself unto prayer. For before thou dost earnestly supplicate God, thou seekest in the meanwhile many comforts, and lookest for refreshment in outward things.

For Moses always had recourse to the tabernacle for the deciding of doubts and questions, and fled to the help of prayer for support under dangers and the iniquity of men. So oughtest thou in like manner to fly to the closet of thine heart, very earnestly craving the divine favor.

Daily ought we to renew our purposes, and to stir up ourselves to great fervor, as though this were the first day of our conversion; and to say: "Help me, my God! in this my good purpose, and in thy holy service; and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly; for what I have done hitherto is as nothing."

The enemy will tempt and trouble thee, but by prayer he shall be put to flight.

If an accustomed spiritual exercise be sometimes omitted, either for some act of piety, or profit to our brother, it may easily afterwards be recovered again. But if, out of weariness or carelessness, we lightly omit it, it is very blameworthy, and will be felt to be hurtful. If thou canst not continually collect thyself, yet do it sometimes, at the least twice a day; namely, in the morning and at night. In the morning fix thy good purpose; and at night examine thyself what thou hast done.

A pure, single, and stable spirit is not distracted, though it be employed in many works; for it doeth all to the honor of God, and being at rest within, seeketh not itself in anything it doeth.

There are many that desire contemplation, but they endeavor not to practice those things that are needful thereunto.

I know not what it is, by what spirit we are led, nor what we pretend, we that seem to be called spiritual, that we take so much pains, and are so full of anxiety about transitory and mean things, and so rarely

think of our own inward concernments with full recollection of mind. Alas, presently, after a slight recollection, we rush into outward things again, and weigh not our works with diligent examination. We heed not where our affections lie, nor bewail the impurity that is in all our actions.

Know that the old enemy doth strive by all means to hinder thy desire to good, and to divert thee from all religious exercises. . . Seek a convenient time of leisure for thyself, and meditate often upon God's loving-kindness . . . Enter into thy secret chamber and shut out the tumults of the world. The more thou visitest thy chamber, the more thou wilt enjoy it; the less thou comest thereunto, the more thou wilt loathe it. . .

From THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

I MEDITATE IN A GARDEN

There is a scented garden in my mind
Where roses flush and painted pansies grow,
Where trees abide and soft streams gently wind,
Bright winds of eternity forever blow.
There clamant clamor of the world is stilled,
And Quiet walks among the wooded ways.
Time mutes his clock-like creak with wonder filled
And blear-eyed Care averts her frowning gaze.
When traitorous Fortune threatens with defeat
And I'm pursued by Woe and dunned by Care,
I find my sheltered garden of retreat
And taste the joy that's ever flowing there.
Enwrapped in Silence, then, I meditate
And catch a glimpse of my divine estate.

— Francis Merchant

WHEN DARKNESS COMES

Rabbi Ernest R. Trattner

"I am going through a period of darkness. What shall I do?" This is not an unfamiliar question. Religion has a sure answer for it.

Walking through the "valley of the shadow" is common to all men. It is a part of our world—also a part of our growth. Others have gone through similar experiences of darkness and were able to emerge into sunlight. You can do it—and come out on the bright side of an unshakable faith. To be sure, there are areas of darkness in our lives, deep wells of uncleansed emotion often mixed with bitter memories of the past. When your pathway leads you through such deep holes of darkness you need strong spiritual convictions to cope with the situation. Do what the Psalmist so often told us to do: "Walk through" the valley of darkness. Do not sit down and bemoan your fate. Do not wallow in despair. Get up and walk. Remember that periods of darkness are much like the clouds that hide the sun. On dark days we do not lament that the sun has gone out. We know that clouds will always keep moving on. Tomorrow the sun will shine again. The same is true of this interlude of barrenness, hopelessness or despair.

With determination, with patience, and with spiritual convictions perform your daily tasks. Do just what you would do on a cloudy day—adjust your affairs to the weather. With this kind of thinking and doing you will soon usher in a cloudless day.

WHAT OF TODAY?

As you rise in the morning with the awakening of nature, and as a king views from his chamber window the vast possessions of his wealth, so you with your imaginative eye see stretched before you your priceless possession—a day: it is your own.

— Mrs. M. W. Ringo Harper

REVERENCE FOR PERSONS

Jacob Trapp

A primary experience of religion is the feeling of the invisible otherness, the mystery of another person. This is the feeling-response to the wonder of another human soul, to the "thou" of another person.

This experience, as Martin Buber points out in his important little book, *I and Thou,* cannot be a constant one. We do not and cannot always face the universe and experience the grandeur of our surroundings. Often the feeling-response isn't there. Sometimes we aren't there. The world around us is but a great *It,* a thing of use merely, or of analysis. It is when we face and stand in relation to the universe, in all its vastness and wonder and mystery, as a presence, a Thou, a Being we cannot express but can only address with our whole self, that we stand, so to speak, in God's world.

So also we do not and cannot always experience the wonder of another person. Another way of saying this is that we are not always persons, although we are always potentially so. Sometimes the other person also becomes an *it,* the object merely of one's use or analysis and not a *thou,* to whom one stands in relation. Only occasionally do I turn to another, inwardly and with the whole self, and only occasionally does the other do likewise, so that we become a living presence one to another and something happens between us. When this meeting does take place, then, said Martin Buber, a ray of the Eternal Thou comes to the one through the other. There is that feeling and awareness of a mystery before which we stand in awe. This is a primary religious experience among persons, related to and a part of that other primary religious experience of standing in awe before the mystery and otherness of this universe.

Awe and reverence, it seems to me, are at the root of a religious love of persons and the secret of its renewal. In the human soul there is a mystery. In the person there is otherness, hidden depth, as unfathomable and ineffable as ultimate reality itself. To feel that is basic religious experience. Out of it may flower reverence for the person and the kind of love which does not possess but shares.

THE KISS OF LIFE

Mark Halpern

One of the proverbs reminds us that death and life are in the power of the tongue. Control of the tongue has been a most difficult feat for the members of the human species to accomplish. Indeed, it would seem that man can sooner master and restrain his bodily appetites than his speech. Yet there is no gainsaying the fact that much more harm has been caused through the evils of wrong, unbridled speech than from ungoverned senses and appetites.

How many lives have been ruined and blasted by the poisonous tongue of malicious or thoughtless gossip and criticism! No wonder that from the earliest times the greatest sages and spiritual teachers have sought to inculcate in the consciousness of man the prime necessity for control and restraint of speech. Pythagoras even went so far as to impose upon his students a two-year probationary period of complete silence. And the godly Apollonius of Tyana voluntarily subjected himself to five full years of a similar rigorous discipline, never uttering a single word in all that time, in order to achieve perfect mastery over his tongue.

But great as is the power for good or ill of the spoken word, let us not underestimate the potency of soundless thought. Simply because our thoughts are unheard and unperceived by the physical senses, we are apt to forget their power and to feel that they have little or no effect in influencing the lives of others as well as ourselves. Such is far from the truth. It has been repeatedly affirmed by the sages of ancient and modern times that *thoughts are things*.

It is evident that we must first think before we can frame the words of speech. When once we have become convinced of this significant truth, then we shall begin to watch over not only what we say, but also what we think. For if we could but control our thoughts, we should have less difficulty in bridling the tongue. Instead of being at the mercy of all vagrant and negative thoughts of discord, it is possible to shut the door of the mind to them, admitting only the constructive thoughts of harmony, love and understanding.

For he who has transcended the mean and unlovely tendencies of the self has thereby become the loving friend and brother of every living thing. Not only is he the friend of every member of the human species,

but also of the dumb creatures in the animal kingdom, and even of the plants, flowers, brooks and hills with which nature adorns herself. He finds that the love he pours out to all forms of life returns to him increased a thousandfold. He has discovered the key that unlocks the heart-gates of every living thing in a world where all things live—it is the key of the sympathetic appreciation and loving awareness of the Oneness of all life.

* * *

Among the most zealous followers of a great Spiritual Leader of long ago was a young man called Peter. Tall and straight like a spear, he towered over the others and walked in their midst with the bearing of a young god. None was more steadfast and one-pointed than he. None quicker to start up in defense of the Master. And none more determined to surmount the destructive qualities of the ego so that he might indeed follow in the footsteps of his beloved Teacher.

But the more Peter disciplined himself and sought to overcome his baser propensities, the further he seemed to be from that perfect serenity which he venerated so highly in the Master. He could not understand the discord and the turmoil seething within his breast. Try as he would, he was unable to achieve the peace of which the Great Teacher often spoke.

Finally Peter took his problem to the Master one early dawn, after the Teacher had finished meditating under an olive tree a short distance from the others. The young disciple spoke: "Master, you know it is not my habit to bring my problems to you. I have tried to find the reason for the unrest of my soul but in vain. Help me, Master, that I may find peace and rest."

"You have been a zealous disciple, Peter. I have been aware of your wholehearted effort to tread the narrow path. You have sacrificed much to be numbered among my disciples. But you have never renounced the kiss of death."

"The kiss of death?"

"No less, my disciple. You have not yet purified your thoughts and feelings and speech of the bitter poison of criticism and condemnation. Until you have transmuted the kiss of death into the Kiss of Life, you will know no peace."

"But—but how, Master? How am I to work this transmutation of which you speak? I don't understand—the Kiss of Life?"

"You will understand, Peter, if you will do what I tell you. When next you are impelled to vent your spleen upon your fellow man, shut your lips and do not open them until you are standing in front of this olive tree. Then let all your poisonous criticism and resentment pour out upon the tree, holding not an iota back. When you have persisted in this for a fortnight, come to me again and tell me what you have observed."

And so it was that each time the young disciple felt critical or resentful of his fellows, he would immediately take himself to the olive tree, and there hurl his abuse upon that silent humble listener of nature's progeny. After going through the procedure many times, Peter began to notice a startling difference in the tree. It was withering and before long it would be dead!

He hurried to the Master and told him what had happened.

The penetrating brilliance of the Master's gaze softened in a smile of compassion, as he spoke to his disciple: "You have seen the dire effect of the kiss of death—which is the poison of criticism and resentful condemnation. Return now to the olive tree and give it the Kiss of Life: pour upon it all the love and compassion of your soul. For only the Kiss of Life can bring back the desire for living embodiment in the spirit of the tree."

Without waiting to hear more, Peter hurried to the olive tree. He began to send out to it all the loving thoughts and feelings and words that had been dormant in the reservoir of his ardent nature.

Almost imperceptibly, the tree began to take on new life. Peter remained near it for hours, constantly pouring out his love, seeking thus to undo the great harm he had inflicted upon it.

But it required far more time to revitalize the olive tree than it had taken to wither it. Yet he persevered, often going without food and sleep to administer the loving nourishment of the Kiss of Life without which it could not have been healed.

At last the olive tree was fully rejuvenated. It seemed to Peter that the tree looked far more luxuriantly alive with natural vitality than

it had appeared before he let loose upon it the venom of his wrath and criticism.

And now Peter became conscious that a strange thing had happened to him in his relations with his fellow men. He could think, feel and speak in no other way but with loving kindness and deep understanding. And he saw nothing but good everywhere—good within himself, good in others, good all about him. For he had transmuted the kiss of death into the Kiss of Life. And thus the love of his heart could henceforth pour out only a benediction to his fellow men, and express the *Salaam Alaikum,* Peace Be With You, of the unknown poet, who sang:

"I pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you:
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;
Through days of labor and nights of rest,
The love of Allah make you blest."

There lives no man on earth who may always have rest and peace without troubles and crosses, with whom things go always according to his will. There is always something to be suffered here, consider it as you will. And as soon as you are free of one adversity, perhaps two others come in its place. Therefore yield yourself willingly to them, and seek only that true peace of the heart, which none can take away from you, that you may overcome all adversity; the peace that breaks through all adversities and crosses, all oppression, suffering, misery, humiliation, and what more there may be of the like, so that a man may be joyful and patient therein... If a man were lovingly to give his whole diligence and might thereto, he would very soon come to know that true eternal peace which is God Himself...

—Theologia Germanica

SIMPLE MYSTERIES

Mildred Long

For many years I hurried in and out of my back yard on my way to and from the daily teaching which was my life and livelihood. Then there came a pause, a time of rest and inactivity. And when I was able to walk again in my back yard I began to see things I had never seen before.

I shall never forget the thrill of that first awareness of the tiny blue flower that grew on a weed close to the ground. Probably my feet had trampled dozens of such blossoms in going and coming. But now I saw it for the first time. So tiny, scarcely an eighth of an inch across, with four petals, delicately shaded and marked, with the texture of an angel's wing, exquisite in loveliness! How could I have missed seeing it before?

As I held it in the palm of my hand it seemed like a precious jewel, a bit of heaven dropped down to earth, a message of hope, a symbol of God's love, a revelation of His perfect workmanship in all His creation. This tiny, insignificant flower under the microscope revealed to my eyes a pattern of delicate markings and perfect design, as delicate and perfect as could be found in any of the rare flowers at the florist's.

Here the Great Designer had taken the same infinite pains to produce perfection in the flower of an obscure weed as He would in making a lily or an orchid. Here in my yard was this perfect bit of heaven, a thing beyond all price, a gift no man could duplicate, a flower of rarest texture, beauty, delicacy, and loveliness, and I had never noticed it before!

Since then there is a sacredness about that flower to me, and every spring I look for it and revel in its message.

It makes me ask myself, "What am I looking for in life? Something big and important perhaps, but missing the real meaning and beauty of little things?" What would it profit me if I had wealth but could not enjoy a simple meal; if I had fame but no one to share my hearthside; if I had wisdom but lacked the time to feel the gentle breeze of spring or drink in the beauty of the sunset?

The real joys of living are in the little things at our feet, at our fingertips, within our normal vision. Any day may reveal to our eyes revelations of God's handiwork. The gossamer spider web held by a single strand, swaying in the sun-

light; the butterfly just emerged from his cocoon, trying out his new-found wings; jewels of dew sparkling in the grass in early morning; misty pink atop the snow-covered mountain peak as the sun tips over the western horizon. These and a thousand other evidences of God's love and provision for us are on every hand.

Life draws its meaning from the smile, the cheery word of greeting, the word of encouragement, the prayer from a sincere heart, the "Thank-you's" and "God-bless-you's". These lift all living from the world of the common to the indescribable mystery of the beauty and activity that envelops life.

When cares press too heavily and life becomes too complex, it helps to go aside into a quiet place and ponder the mystery of the little blue flower. And with it to ponder the ever-present revelation of God's perfect love for me, His child, His particular creation, the child of His love, made in His image and likeness. It helps me grow toward God to keep that image in my heart and consider the worth and beauty of my tiny blue flower.

GIFT OF GREEN

The secret living green of bright jade fire
Running through veins of each new grassy spire.
The alchemy of green that turns with power
Into a rainbow blooming in a flower.
Green laughter of the ocean's lyric wave,
Green silence of a quiet hill to save
For hours of dreary winter, gray and long.
And green of mountain trees that hold the wind's song.

— *Zelma S. Dennis*

Reality...

We often hear the expression, "the quest for reality." What is meant is the quest for the realization of the *consciousness of reality*. Reality is with us at all times. It is the hidden perfection which lies beneath the only too obvious imperfection; it is the Divine order which stands behind present disorder; it is the exact opposite of every discordant condition. Indeed it is more than these things, for it is that which eternally IS, before all manifestation began or begins. This glorious Reality can be realized now, and we can live in the consciousness of it.

— H. T. Hamblin

"Everyone coming into conscious recognition of the mind of Spirit knows that he knows, without having learned through any of the avenues recognized by intellectual man as necessary."

— Anon

The children of Israel did not find in the manna all the sweetness and strength they might have found in it; not because the manna did not contain them, but because they longed for other meat.

— *St. John of the Cross*

When all looks fair about, and thou seest not a cloud so big as a hand to threaten thee, forget not the Wheel of things.

— *Sir Thomas Browne*

TWO POEMS

Carla Patsuris

THE PATH

More beautiful than beautiful the world
I see, more perfect than perfection's best
Where hues so brightly gay a single eye
Could burn with knowledge of its inner quest.

More wide than wide, more high than high the ways
Ahead for me to take; more great than space
This promised and envisioned God-Estate
This Paradise...this Land-Of-Eden-Place.

Ahead I press. On, onward to my goal
The ballastings I drop, the daily dross
I must discard to hold the narrow path,
Gives way to gain; I count them not a loss.

My happy heart is pleased, my heart now tuned
To hear the truth of things. It, too, can speak
To me...I listen for its wordings then
Am guided toward the Paradise I seek.

A hand is leading me from plane to plane
I question not the ways my feet must go
And I rejoice as I anticipate
The love my heart and I shall some day know.

COURAGE

Smile and stand tall
Believing you can touch
A new warmth soon;
Do not suffer much

It may take time
But suns and moons pass by
And tears, like dew
On petals, hourly dry.

No matter why they flow,
Tears that come, come and go.

SAFETY SHELTERS

There are two kinds of shelters being built today against the perils of our time. One is underground, the other is overhead. One is a physical dugout, the other a spiritual coverage.

The construction of both types is proceeding simultaneously, the one visibly, the other invisibly. The one is accompanied by outer bustle and confusion; the other is builded in inner calm and silence. The values involved are not the same. The security earthly shelters can provide is partial and passing; the safety the spiritual world can bestow is inclusive, absolute and enduring.

The individual who has come to live in the consciousness of his immortal being and who therefore wears an armor of light invulnerable to the darts of darkness, lives what the world recognizes as a "charmed" life. It is to all such souls who have attained awareness of their divine selfhood that David sings in his ninety-first Psalm of divine protection: "Because thou hast made the most High thy habitation...a thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

Recall what happened to Nineveh. The city stood on the very brink of destruction. In the extremity its people set into motion a spiritual activity that saved it. They resorted to fasting and prayer. They invoked divine aid. And so the city was saved by taking refuge under the merciful wings of the Almighty.

Today we, too, like the Ninevites of old, live on the brink of destruction. Wherein lies our safety? In the very same place where the Ninevites found it. It lies in the coverage that heavenly Powers are ever ready to provide if we will but open our minds and hearts to their saving operations in our earthly sphere by invoking their protecting presence.

That cataclysmic devastation could overtake our planet is a possibility that stands terrifyingly near. Again we ask, where are we to look for deliverance from this fearsome threat? Surely not by placing dependence on mole-like burrowing underground. It must be found at a higher level. Man is a spiritual being. He is inwardly and outwardly related to the Whole. With this Whole the possibility exists for man to so accommodate himself as to find absolute security and serenity. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the wings of the Almighty." So said the Psalmist who had experienced immortal verities and whose assuring

testimony has continued down through the centuries to give comfort and confidence to countless doubting, troubled souls.

The most hopeful sign that we shall come safely through the dangers that threaten to defeat the high purpose for which our nation came into being, and indeed, to save our very civilization from perishing, is an increasing concern with the things of the spirit. There is definitely an upsurge of the prayer life.

The mounting uncertainities of our time are causing more and more people to turn spirit-ward. There is a search for a point of secure anchorage. The call goes out, consciously and subconsciously from the churched and the unchurched, the believers and the unbelievers. Even Khrushchev is quoted as exclaiming on a certain occasion, "Then God help us!" However flippantly this may have been spoken it can be taken as voicing an ineradicable human instinct bearing witness to some existing power greater than man himself and which a disbelieving mind can neither completely nor permanently suppress, much less destroy. The fact is that there is a world-wide invocative appeal to whatever gods there be to come to humanity's rescue in its present peril.

It is this relatively unobserved spiritual activity stirring in the heart of humanity that is the really big happening in the world today. It is not the more spectacular events in the outer world such as the awesome atomic blasts and the bevy of encircling man-made satellites. That which is coming to life in the depths of collective man is a massive movement of spiritual significance.

There is a universality about the spiritual quickening that is taking place in the world today. That is the big point not to be missed. It is not just a religious revivalism, as we have come to know it in any of its more or less familiar forms. It is something with a spread that extends to every area of human life. We have an example of that in England. It was out of one of Britain's darkest hours that a certain spiritual impulse was so firmly grounded that it has continued ever since to be a source of inner strength and light to the nation as a whole. We refer of course to "The Silent Minute" to which Britishers are called every evening when London's Big Ben strikes the hour of ten. It is a manifestation of a people seeking closer contact with the Divine and calling into being a refuge of safety such as no bombs could shatter. This daily minute of silence has proven an effective rallying point in time for countless thousands to unitedly make grateful contact with the overshadowing Divine Presence.

In Malaya a call to prayer has

been designated as a *World-Wide Divine Love Radiation Service.* "Millions all over the earth are daily praying for peace," reads the opening announcement. It goes on to say that this is the most important means the common man has of fighting fear, hatred and all negative emotions and conditions. "Join hands!" It exhorts, "The spiritual value of five minutes' meditation," it asserts, "is better than feeding five hundred people or lecturing for five hours, for such is the power of Divine Love broadcast." Procedural directions are given. "Visualize a beam of light and love going out to all the countries of the world, taking them up one by one or group by group, moving from left to right, or clockwise, until the globe has been encircled." Then there is included a synchronizing time table for everybody all over the world. If this be followed at the stated hour, either a.m. or p.m., everyone participating in the service would be subjectively united at exactly the same moment. The combined energy thus generated by thousands concentrating on Divine Love and protection at the same time all over the world could effect wonders. At best, man but faintly grasps the magic power of love and the miracles to be wrought by simple prayer.

That vast devastation may yet overtake this earth is conceivable. Man now has it in his power to blow our globe into bits and turn it into another ring of asteroids. But that this need not come to pass is certain. That it will not happen is the promise held out by the growing volume and earnestness of mankind's invocative appeal to Higher Powers for guidance and protection. While these same Powers cannot save man against his will their aid is instantly available on call. There is an unbelievable magic in prayer. There are unlimited resources to be tapped in the moments of quiet communion with the Divine.

Humanity as a whole is awake today. Not until this century has this been true. In this awakened state, while man still takes risks in going to the very brink of disaster, he stops short of rushing headlong into it as he has done to his pain and sorrow countless times in centuries and ages past. He now stops, looks and listens—and withdraws. It is as though an inner voice is being heard—the voice of the silence, which an ever increasing number of the human race is cupping its ears to hear. Every time this voice of warning is heard and heeded, it becomes easier to hear afterward and to follow when it speaks again and again, a fact holding out the hope that the time is fast approaching when heated passions and reckless action will yield to rational deliberstion and spiritual guidance.

—*Theodore Heline*

Condensed from: NEW AGE INTERPRETER.

A MEDITATION

O Gracious Lord, I enter Thy radiance and approach Thy presence, bearing with me the service done in Thy Name and for Thee. I seek to become a more efficient server and I open my heart and mind to the power of Thy Love and Thy Joy and Thy Peace.

In Thy presence, Thy Love floods my being--Love which is gentleness, kindness, helpfulness. *I must therefore be loving, gentle, kind and helpful to all men.*

In Thy presence, Thy Joy pervades me--Joy which is light, radiance and eternal youth. *I must therefore bear Thy joy to those who are sad and depressed.*

In Thy presence, Thy Peace enfolds me and fills me with contentment, certainty, rest, stillness--Thy Peace which passeth understanding. *I must therefore be a center of love, joy and peace in the world.*

I place my hand in Thine with all love and trust and confidence, for Thou art indeed my Lord. *From the unreal lead me to the Real; from darkness to Light; from death to Life Eternal.*

At thy feet and in the Light of Thy Holy Presence, I strive to realize what I am. *I am not this body which belongs to the world of shadows; I am not the desires which affect it; I am not the thoughts which fill my mind; I am not the mind itself.*

I am the Divine Flame within my heart; eternal, immortal, ancient, without beginning, without end. More radiant than the sun in all his noonday glory, purer than the snow, untouched, unsullied by the hand of matter. *More subtle than the ether, is the Spirit within my heart. I and my Father are one.*

I worship Thee; I adore Thee--Thou my life, my Breath, my Being, my All. I am in Thee and Thou art in me. *Lead me, O Gracious Lord, through Thy illimitable Love to union with Thee and the Heart of Eternal Love.* In Thy Love, I rest for evermore.

—Geoffrey Hodson

THE WAY....

The secret waits for the insight
Of eyes unclouded by longing;
Those who are bound by desire
See only the outward container....

If goodness is taken as goodness,
Wickedness enters as well....

I suffer most because
Of me and selfishness.
If I were selfless, then
What suffering would I bear?

If you work by the Way,
You will be of the Way;
If you work through its virtue
You will be given the virtue.
Abandon either one
And both abandon you.
Gladly then the Way receives
Those who choose to walk in it;
Gladly too its power upholds
Those who choose to use it well.
Gladly will abandon greet
Those who to abandon drift.

Not to suit the Way is early death...

A man of highest virtue
Will not display it as his own;
His virtue then is real...

The student learns by daily increment.
The Way is gained by daily loss,
Loss upon loss until
At last comes rest.
By letting go, it all gets done;
The world is won by those who let it go...

Be still while you work
And keep full control over all.

The world may be known
Without leaving the house;
The way may be seen
Apart from the windows.
The further you go,
The less you will know.
Accordingly, the Wise Man
Knows without going,
Sees without seeing,
Does without doing.

— *Lao Tzu*
In TAO TE CHING

DISQUIETUDE IS THE GREATEST EVIL that happens to the soul except sin. For as the seditious and internal troubles of a State ruin it entirely and prevent it from being able to resist the invader, so our heart, being troubled and disquieted in itself, loses not only the force to maintain the virtues it has acquired, but more than this, even the means of resisting the temptations of the enemy, who thereupon makes all sorts of efforts to fish, as is said, in troubled waters.

Disquietude arises from an immoderate desire to be freed from an evil which we feel, or to gain the good which we hope for. And yet there is nothing which makes the evil worse and which removes the good to a greater distance than disquietude and worry. Birds are caught in nets and snares because when they find themselves entrapped they struggle and move immoderately to escape from it, and in doing so they entangle themselves so much the more. When, then, you are pressed with the desire of being freed from some evil, or of attaining some good, before all things place your spirit in a state of repose and tranquillity, calm your judgment and your will. And then, quite softly and gently, pursue the end of your desire, taking in order the means which will be suitable. And when I say quite softly, I do not wish to say negligently, but without worry, trouble, and disquietude. Otherwise, in place of giving effect to your desire, you will spoil everything, and will embarrass yourself greatly.

St. Francis de Sales

QUESTIONS FOR A CONVERSATION

Harold K. Schilling

It is my purpose to present here not a particular point of view, but rather a series of questions. There are great differences of opinion and conviction about them among Christian scholars. They deserve much more discussion and systematic study than they are now receiving. Moreover I feel sure that we of the faith can profit greatly from conversing about them with those not of the faith.

Not long ago a colleague and I happened to meet at a street corner, and a conversation ensued that has reverberated in my mind ever since. He said he was working on a paper entitled "New Knowledge and Old Art." This was something I had never thought about. It was obviously a tantalizing question that would inevitably lead to many others just as fascinating. What effect can new knowledge possibly have on established art—upon Rembrandt's *Night Watch,* or Michelangelo's *David* or *Moses,* or Beethoven's String Quartets, or the Taj Mahal. There they are, impregnable and eternal! Or are they? Art is not static and silent. It speaks. Does what it says depend upon what we know? Does our response to it depend upon our knowledge?....

As we talked, I was reminded of another provocative conversation I had had with a friend who is a church historian and theologian. He had asked me, a physicist, what the new physics and astronomy had done to my conception of the Psalmist's "The heavens declare the glory of God." Is there a sense, he asked, in which the newer knowledge of the heavens declares God's glory more meaningfully or more profoundly? My first inclination was to talk about how very much larger the stellar universe is known to be today and how much more complex it is. But then I hesitated. Is *this* what we mean, or should mean, by God's glory? Has it anything to do with sheer immensity and might?....

It is fashionable these days to emphasize that the God of Christianity is the God of history, whose sphere of activity is that of personal—I and Thou—relations. It is the mighty acts of God *in history* that are regarded as revelatory! For the most influential contemporary schools of theology, nature and scientific knowledge seem to have very little significance, if any—just as they seem to have virtually no significance in most of modern literature.

But there are other questions

that crowd in. Art, including the Psalms, has always been important to the religious life because of its symbolic values and its use in worship. How does new knowledge affect our capacity for worship, and the content of our worship experience?

An indispensable element of worship is, or should be, prayer. What is happening to it—because of the effects of new knowledge? And let us think here of both scientific and theological knowledge or understanding. Are we able to pray more meaningfully because of the new things we know? Or more fervently? With a keener sense of God's presence? In particular what is happening to *old* prayers? In the light of natural law can we still pray as did our forebears, with the confidence that prayer makes a difference, say, in the outcome of physical processes as well as spiritual ones, in nature as well as in history?

Here is an old prayer, taken from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer. Millions and millions of Christians have prayed it in the past. Many still do. Should they?

O God, Heavenly Father, who by Thy Son Jesus Christ hast promised to all those who seek thy kingdom, and the righteousness thereof, all things necessary to their bodily sustenance; send us, we beseech thee, in this our necessity, such moderate rain and showers, that we may receive the fruits of the earth to our comfort, and to thy honour, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

There are many Christians who think that this kind of a prayer should be deleted from the prayer book, and certainly from our prayer lives. They feel that such prayer is improper for both scientific and theological reasons. For one thing, it is asking God to "intervene" in nature, to change the natural sequence of physical events. For another, God knows whether rain is needed or not, and He operates through natural law. It will rain when meteorologically it is due to rain. Otherwise not—prayer or no prayer. So it is said.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Can we pray this old prayer today and be intellectually honest? Some interpreters suggest that it means: "Make us grateful for our daily bread." For others it means "Help us to accept whatever comes, in confidence believing that it will be for our good." Certainly these would be worthy and lofty prayers—though one wonders why, if this is what he meant, Jesus didn't put it that way. It may be, of course, that we do not know exactly what words Jesus actually used in this connection.

A distinguished theologian re-

cently said to me, "I could never pray specifically for rain, or food, or physical healing. For spiritual healing, perhaps. In the last analysis the only petitionary prayer I pray is for the presence of God in my life, with all this implies." Another put it somewhat differently: "I would pray only for openness to God's presence, and for obedience to His will." Curiously, on the other hand, several very able scientists who are churchmen with whom I discussed the matter told me that they could well imagine circumstances of crisis and great need when they would not hesitate to pray for food, or rain, or physical healing and the like, fully expecting that if it were God's will the prayer *would* "make a difference." Of course I should report that there are also theologians who would agree with these scientists, and other scientists who would not.

These are chain reaction questions. Any one of them is likely to set off many others. I have not presumed to provide answers to them.

COMMITMENT

O God, infinite in wisdom and goodness, we pray not to teach Thee, nor to beg Thee to do what Thou art more ready to do for us than we can be to ask. We have Thy teaching. We do not ask Thee to draw near to us, for Thou art very near—"nearer art Thou than breathing, and closer than hands or feet." We open our hearts by repentance and confession to receive strength to do Thy will. We rejoice in Thy living presence. In Thee we live and move and have our being. Thou art everywhere. We see Thee in beauty and truth, in goodness, love, justice, courage, in friendship, and in selfless service for others. As the child throws himself into the loving arms of his parent, so we give ourselves anew to Thy love. For Thy love is infinitely intelligent. Thy love never fails. And we thank Thee from the deeps of our heart. Amen.

— Roy Wallace Thomas

FORGIVENESS

The gift of forgiveness is one not easily obtained by mortals long used to our way of living. That the Master Jesus was able to look down from the cross and pray to God the Father that He might forgive these deluded sons in their hour of hate and ignorance, is still one of the miracles of Calvary.

For many of us who plod the daily path of misunderstanding and lack of human gentility discover that forgiveness is one of the higher goals for which to strive. Only through the power of this cleansing forgiveness can we seek a true relationship with our fellowman and with God. This release of our burden of ill feeling permits our true selves to rise unfettered and free to seek the path where we too might walk with the Master.

The failure to recognize a true son of God in our brother man when we feel aggrieved, causes our own prayers to rise no higher than ourselves. For unless we be at peace with everyone we cannot see the effulgent light of God and share in His mystic presence when we seek Him in prayér.

Jesus gave the gift of forgiveness when, in the hour of darkness, despair and physical agony, he was able to realize the true purpose of of God's great love for him and for humanity. Who among us has suffered so tremendously that we can decry our fate and be adamant in our stand against others? We must seek the power of forgiveness, for unless the mirror of the soul is unclouded from hate and ugliness, we cannot reflect the true image of our God-created selves. To be able to say I love, without mental reservations, leaves us with the true spirit of understanding capable then of sharing in the admonition of Jesus to Peter to forgive "until seventy times seven."

—Zelma Dennis

PRAYER

Prayer in the wide sense is the very soul and essence of religion. Religion, says a liberal French theologian [Sabatier], "is an intercourse, a conscious and voluntary relation, entered into by a soul in distress with the mysterious power upon which it feels itself to depend, and upon which its fate is contingent." This intercourse with God is realized by prayer. Prayer is religion in act; that is, prayer is real religion. It is prayer that distinguishes the religious phenonenon from . . . purely moral or aesthetic sentiment. Religion is nothing if it be not the vital act by which the entire mind seeks to save itself by clinging to the principle from which it draws its life. This act is prayer, by which term I understand no vain exercise of words, no mere repetition of certain sacred formulae, but the very movement itself of the soul, putting itself in a personal relation of contact with the mysterious power of which it feels the presence—it may be even before it has a name by which to call it.

Wherever this interior prayer is lacking, there is no religion; wherever, on the other hand, this prayer rises and stirs the soul, even in the absence of forms or of doctrines, we have living religion.

—*William James*
In VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

SOUL BUILDERS

Oh let my soul be not an empty place
Where winds may never sweep my barren sand;
Let tempests come but give me strength to face
The struggles that enrich my desert land.
Let mountains not keep back the driving rain
That may replenish my poor dusty plain.

If flowers spring from atmospheric strife,
If storms may keep my pastures fresh and green,
Then let the violence bring greater life
But keep the center of my soul serene,
That I may know when winds blow fearfully
I still may find a perfect calm with Thee.

— *Mildred M. Jones*

SELF-DENIAL
The Price of Fulfillment

Self-denial is one of the first fruits of wisdom, born of a selfless heart, consecrated to the service of him who said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Self-denial is sacrifice, and sacrifice for the good of others marks the rebirth. For he who has not sacrificed for the good of others has not yet really lived; he is, spiritually, dead. Sacrifice and suffering, in the noble cause of the uplift and betterment of the whole human race, is resurrection from the dead and ascension into the fulness of life, as it was manifested through Jesus Christ, around whose life the beautiful story of Easter is woven.

Sacrifice and suffering are the price of fulfillment but ultimate triumph is well worth the struggle, for it is only through struggle that we unfold and grow, in understanding, in wisdom and in strength, and in usefulness in the service of our fellow-creatures, enabling us to lift others up with us as we are, ourselves, lifted up; and herein we find the fulfilling of the Law. He best serves God who best serves his fellow men.

— *Harry Halsey Starrett*

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble,
attempts what is above its strength,
pleads no excuse of impossibility.
Though weary, Love is not tired;
Though pressed, it is not straitened;
Though alarmed, it is not confounded.

— Thomas à Kempis

THE SPIRITUAL LAW

The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity, thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, and the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice. If a man dissemble, deceive, he deceives himself, and goes out of acquaintance with his own being. A man in the view of absolute goodness, adores, with total humility. Every step so downward, is a step upward. The man who renounces himself, comes to himself.

By [this law] a man is made the Providence to himself, dispensing good to his goodness, and evil to his sin. Character is always known. Murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the taint of vanity, any attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance. Speak the truth, and all things are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass underground do seem to stir and move to bear you witness. See again the perfection of the Law as it applies itself to the affections, and becomes the law of society. As we are, so we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good; the vile, by affinity, the vile. Thus of their own volition, souls proceed into heaven, into hell.

These facts have always suggested to man the sublime creed that the world is not the product of manifold power, but of one will, of one mind; and that one mind is everywhere active, in each ray of the star, in each wavelet of the pool; and whatever opposes that will is everywhere balked and baffled, because things are made so and not otherwise. . . Benevolence is absolute and real. So much benevolence as a man hath, so much life hath he. . . All things proceed out of the same spirit, and all things conspire with it. Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of nature. In so far as he roves from these ends, he bereaves himself of power, or auxiliaries; his being shrinks. . .he becomes less and less, a mote, a point, until absolute badness is absolute death. . .When he says "I ought," when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed, then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom.

—Emerson

SPIRIT OF THE NEW AGE

Many thoughts and ideas and conceptions of the past must be superseded. They cannot even be re-translated or re-interpreted in the Light of the present. As science has cast aside many theories held as fact and law, so religion and metaphysical thought must enlarge the borders of its tents, come into newer and higher understanding in order to justify its existence in these days.

Education must be re-created. Teaching must reflect a Living Faith, born out of Realization. The living, vital realization of those who surround the children being born into this Age will create an atmosphere which will do away with the form of schools and teaching we know today. A glorified example-type of teaching will be brought forth, which will be direct transmission of Living Realization.

There is to be a "new breath blowing free" in the thought and life of man. A new understanding or realization will come forth. Truth is ever the same, but its clothing in words and expression will be New, and for this Age.

The New Church will be free of old forms. It will begin on the plane of Spirit. It will be the grouping of sincere hearts.

There are many coming free over the earth. Wherever one of these is contacted, it is like a magnet and steel filings. The magnet "just is." It is not a Person, though it may be personified. It is the One Power, focused as a person, and those who are awakening fall into alignment and come into their true purpose. Wherever life sends such a One, more are gathered.

—Vida Reed Stone

Grace cannot do anything without human will, nor will anything without grace.

— St. John Chrysostom

NOTICES and COMMENTS

A COLLEAGUE PASSES. The February issue had just gone to press when suddenly, in the early morning of February 3, Miss B. Flora Horton died in New York of a heart attack. For the past five years she had been a faithful colleague and valuable co-worker, as well as good friend, in our FIP office. Her work during those years was entirely voluntary and wholly dedicated to our program. Working closely with her, we came to appreciate her refined and congenial character, her cheerfulness, and her consistent helpfulness in numerous ways. All who knew her will miss her and can only be the better for having known her....At the Board Meeting Mr. Frederic Snyder presented to Fellowship in Prayer a beautiful 14-volume Hinkley-Updike Bible, a collector's item and a masterpiece of printing. Mr. Snyder made the suggestion, and it was so adopted by the Board, that his gift be donated to the Utica Public Library where Miss Horton began a long career as a librarian and where it might become a memorial to inspire others. In this way we were able to express, in a fitting and tangible form, something of our appreciation of Miss Horton's outstanding services over the years.

NEW PRINTING FORMAT. The most exciting development that resulted from our Annual Board Meeting on February 7 was the decision to proceed with a strikingly new printing format and design for the publication, which have been incorporated for the first time in this issue. From the standpoint of the growth of the publication, in size and content, this step was perhaps overdue; but it involved a considerable expense which we have not felt we were ready to assume until now. To us, the new appearance of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER seems to symbolize its coming of age, its attainment of maturity, and some measure of fulfillment of the hopes that animated the work of our founder, Carl A. Evans. We believe the present typographical format will enhance the reading enjoyment of our readers and may stand as a visible corroboration of the support they have given us.

SPEAKER'S SERVICE. Another notable result of the Board Meeting was the plan to inaugurate, when feasible, a Speaker's Service as a further extension of the program of Fellowship in Prayer.

CONTRIBUTORS. Rabbi Ernest R. Trattner is minister of the Westwood Temple, 10505 Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles. His inspirational reminder, *When Darkness Comes,* appears on page 10..... Dr. Jacob Trapp's unusual and thought-provoking *Reverence for Persons,* on page 11, is drawn from a series of three lectures on "The Inward Way," a study of prayer and religious experience, which he gave several years ago under the auspices of the Unitarian Church, in Boston. Dr. Trapp is minister of the Unitarian Church of Summit, N. J. ....Mr. Theodore Heline is editor and publisher (with Corinne Heline) of NEW AGE INTERPRETER, a serious quarterly publication located at 1544 Cerro Gordo Street, Los Angeles 26, Calif. Mr. Heline's *Safety Shelters* on page 20 is an eloquent and comprehensive summary of much of what many spiritually minded people have felt regarding the very timely subject that he treats in his article....Mrs. Mildred McEwen Jones of Huron, S. D. is represented with *Soul Builder's* on page 30, which is one of a number of poems she is compiling for book publication. To Mrs. Jones, Rabbi Trattner, Dr. Trapp and Mr. Heline we extend a most cordial welcome to our pages....It goes without saying that William James' VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, from which we drew a selection for this issue on page 30, is one of the great classics in the psychology of religion and should be owned by every serious student of the subject....Ralph Waldo Emerson's *The Spiritual Law* on page 32 was taken from a celebrated address he delivered at the Harvard Divinity School in 1838. What Emerson said on that occasion so disturbed many clergymen of the time that nearly thirty years passed before he was invited again to speak at Harvard. And yet, if we read his talk today we find it wholly in accord with the way most of us feel about religion in 1962. This incident was one more dramatic chapter in man's endless struggle for Truth, intellectual freedom, and liberty of conscience.

TAOISM. On page 24 of this number we have printed a few passages from the *Tao Te Ching* of Lao Tzu, the great sage and mystic of ancient China, a contemporary of Confucius (and in India, of Buddha). Taoism as a whole seems to have lost most of the ground it once held as a living religion but the book that has long been identified with it, the *Tao Te Ching,* continues to be a rich source of spiritual truth and unique insight to spiritual seekers in many lands.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. This publication is issued six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for extra copies.

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SPIRIT'S ADVENTURE

Give me a towering pinnacle,
An eagle's lonely nest;
And a wind-swept crag beneath it,
A forsaken tree on the crest.

Give me the swallow's guidance
That wings over land and sea
Its uncharted way, still knowing
Its home and security.

Give me rain on my window
And snow that covers and heals;
And twilight displacing day's glory
As over the world it steals.

Give me moments of high endeavor
And scars from the path I have trod—
All these, with the soul's deep silence,
Are preparing my spirit for God.

— *Mildred Long*

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